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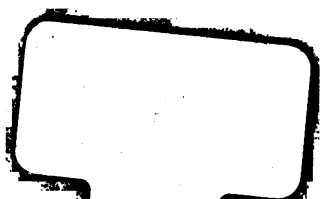
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THE BATTLE LINE OF DEMOCRACY

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE
WORLD WAR

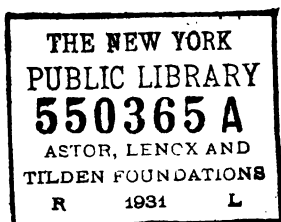
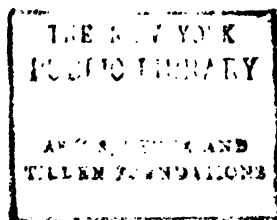


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GEORGE CREEL, CHAIRMAN

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B.A.

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United States



NOV 1931

Dedication to the Children of America

THESE selections of prose and poetry are dedicated to you, the children of America. They have been gathered in days when the world was at war. They speak sometimes of war. They must, because your life will be touched by the sacrifices war may ask of your home. They speak oftener of love of country. They should, for this country, created by the love and labors of your fathers, is your heritage. You will receive it from their hands as a legacy made richer by their efforts. You will think of it as they have thought of it, love it as they have loved it. You will make it serve, as they are making it serve today in a brotherhood of arms, that tomorrow there may be a brotherhood of peace.

The peoples whose cause is our cause have their place in these pages. America is now shoulder to shoulder with them holding the battle line of democracy. They speak one thought with us in different tongues. It is that come what may, your world must be a better world, a larger world, a saner world—a world where you may sail the seas in safety and dwell on the land in peace under the government of your choice.

If this collection helps to quicken your thought about the meaning of your country in this the hour of her trial, it will have served well its purpose.

* * * * *

The idea of making this anthology is due to Honorable FRANKLIN K. LANE, Secretary of the Interior. He had gathered a considerable part of the material before Mr. GUY STANTON FORD of the Committee on Public Information took over the editorial work. The Committee is indebted to the National Board for Historical Service for suggestions and to Miss FRANCES DAVENPORT and Miss ELIZABETH DONNAN, of Washington, D. C., for time generously given to the labor of putting the collection in its present form. Publishers and authors have cordially granted us the right to use any material bearing their imprint or signature.

GEORGE CREEL,
Chairman.

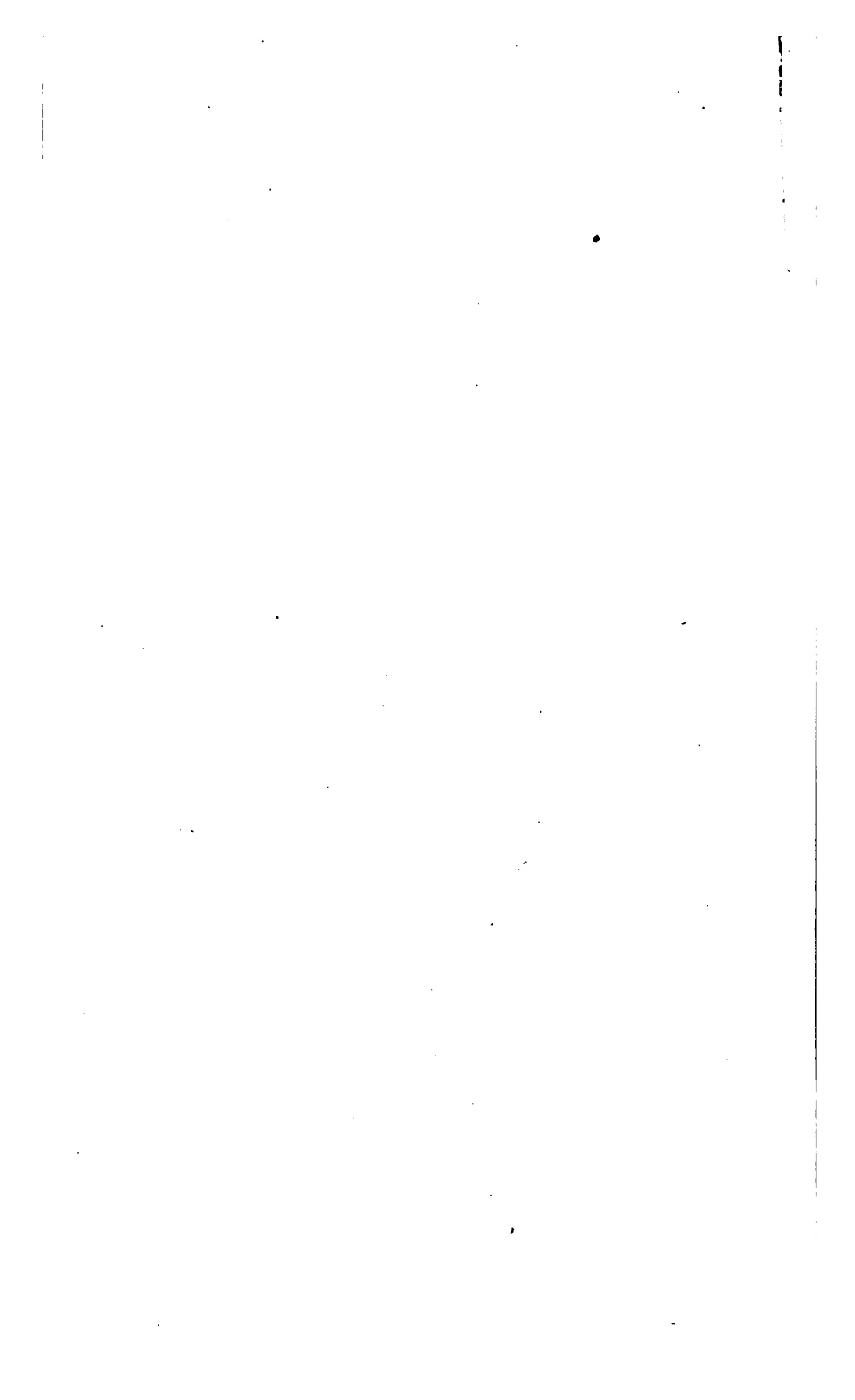


Table of Contents

	Page.
1. AN INVOCATION..... <i>Beatrice Barry</i>	9
By permission of the author; from <i>The New York Times</i> .	
2. WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE..... <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	9

The Call

3. LONG, TOO LONG, AMERICA..... <i>Walt Whitman</i>	13
By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.	
4. THE TORCH BEARERS..... <i>Arlo Bates</i>	13
By permission of the author and the publishers, Little, Brown & Co.	
5. THE PRESIDENT'S WAR MESSAGE..... <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	14
6. STAND BY THE PRESIDENT..... <i>Joseph Choate</i>	23
7. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC..... <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	24
8. BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!..... <i>Walt Whitman</i>	25
By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.	
9. BUGLE CALL..... <i>Hamilton W. Mabie</i>	26
By permission of Dodd, Mead & Co.; from <i>Fruits of the Spirit</i> .	
10. FALSE PEACE AND TRUE..... <i>Richard Burton</i>	28
By permission of the author; from <i>Lyrics of Brotherhood</i> , Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.	
11. THE REVELLE..... <i>Bret Harte</i>	29
By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Co.	
12. SONG OF THE BANNER AT DAY-BREAK..... <i>Walt Whitman</i>	30
By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.	
13. THE NATIONAL FLAG..... <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>	31
14. WAR-MUSIC..... <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	32
From <i>The Red Flower</i> , copyright 1917 by the author.	
15. FOLLOW THE FLAG..... <i>Theodore Marburg</i>	34
16. THE FLAG GOES BY..... <i>Henry Holcomb Bennett</i> ..	36
By permission of the author.	
17. THE MEANING OF THE FLAG..... <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	37

America

18. AMERICA—SENTIMENTS..... <i>Whittier, Wilson, Lowell</i> ..	42
19. AMERICA FIRST..... <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	43
20. AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL..... <i>Katherine Lee Bates</i>	46
By permission of the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.	
21. THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP..... <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	47
22. OUR NOBLE INHERITANCE..... <i>Joseph Story</i>	48
23. ODE, JULY 4..... <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	49
24. THE EFFICIENCY OF FREE GOVERN- MENTS..... <i>James Monroe</i>	51

	Page.
25. BOSTON HYMN.....	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 52
26. GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.....	<i>Abraham Lincoln</i> 54
27. O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN.....	<i>Walt Whitman</i> 55
By permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.	
28. GOOD CITIZENSHIP.....	<i>Grover Cleveland</i> 56
29. BALLAD OF LIEUTENANT MILES.....	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> 57
From <i>Ballads: Patriotic and Romantic</i> ; by permission of the publisher, Lau- rence J. Gomme.	
30. BALLAD OF MANILA BAY.....	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 59
By permission of the publishers, The Page Co.	
31. A TRIBUTE TO OUR SAILOR DEAD.....	<i>Robert G. Cousins</i> 61
32. AMERICA FOR ME.....	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i> 63
By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.	
33. THE DUTY AND VALUE OF PATRIOT- ISM.....	<i>Archbishop Ireland</i> 64
By permission of the author.	
34. ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MID- NIGHT.....	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> 68
From <i>The Congo and Other Poems</i> ; by permission of The Macmillan Co.	
35. DEMOCRACY.....	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 69
36. MAKERS OF THE FLAG.....	<i>Franklin K. Lane</i> 72
37. THE NEW BANNER.....	<i>Katrina Trask</i> 74
By permission of the author.	
38. THE NEW CRUSADE.....	<i>Katherine Lee Bates</i> 75
By permission of the author.	
39. THE MEDICAL CORPS.....	<i>Beatrice Barry</i> 76
By permission of the author; from <i>The New York Times</i> .	
40. THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS.....	<i>John Finley</i> 77
By permission of the <i>Red Cross Magazine</i> .	
41. GERMAN-AMERICAN LOYALTY.....	<i>C. Kotsenabe</i> 79
By permission of <i>Peterson's Magazine</i> .	
42. A MESSAGE TO THE GERMAN BORN.....	<i>Otto H. Kahn</i> 81

Belgium

43. LIBERTY'S CHAMPIONS.....	<i>Elihu Root</i> 84
44. BELGIUM.....	<i>Sidney Low</i> 85
By permission of Hearst's International Library Co.; from <i>King Albert's Book</i> .	
45. THE FLAG IN BELGIUM.....	<i>William C. Edgar</i> 86
From <i>The Bellman</i> ; by permission of the publishers.	
46. PASTORAL LETTER, CHRISTMAS, 1914.....	<i>Cardinal Mercier</i> 87
47. THE BELLS OF MALINES.....	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i> 90
By permission of the publishers; from <i>Harper's Magazine</i> .	
48. PRO PATRIA.....	<i>Maurice Maeterlinck</i> 92
49. IN FLANDER'S FIELDS.....	<i>John McRae</i> 94

France

50. THE MARSEILLAISE.....	<i>Roget de Lisle</i> 96
51. VIVE LA FRANCE.....	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 98

	Page.
52. THE SOUL OF JEANNE D'ARC..... <i>Theodosia Garrison</i>	99
By permission of the author and <i>Scribner's Magazine</i> .	
53. THE VICTOR OF THE MARNE..... <i>Robert U. Johnson</i>	100
From <i>Poems of War and Prose</i> ; by permission of the author.	
54. VIVE LA FRANCE..... <i>Charlotte H. Crawford</i>	102
By permission from <i>Scribner's Magazine</i> , copyright, 1916, Charles Scribner's Sons.	
55. ABOVE THE BATTLE..... <i>Romain Rolland</i>	104
By permission of the Open Court Publishing Co.	
56. AN AMERICAN SOLDIER SLAIN IN FRANCE..... <i>Clinton Scollard</i>	105
From <i>Ballads: Patriotic and Romantic</i> ; by permission of the publisher, Laurence J. Gomme.	

Britain

57. BRITONS AND GUESTS..... <i>Edith M. Thomas</i>	108
By permission of the author; from <i>The New York Times</i> .	
58. TOGETHER..... <i>Alfred Austin</i>	109
By permission of <i>The Independent</i> .	
59. A REPLY TO ENGLAND..... <i>Marion C. Smith</i>	111
Reprinted from <i>The New York Times</i> .	
60. "OF OLD SAT FREEDOM ON THE HEIGHTS"..... <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	113
61. ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND..... <i>W. E. Henley</i>	114
62. THE GLORY OF SHIPS..... <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	116
By permission of the author.	
63. THE CALL..... <i>R. E. Vernède</i>	118
64. SEARCHLIGHTS..... <i>Alfred Noyes</i>	120
From <i>The Lord of Misrule</i> ; by permission of the publishers, Frederick A. Stokes Co.	
65. A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT..... <i>Robert Burns</i>	121
66. THE MINSTREL BOY..... <i>Thomas Moore</i>	122
67. TO CANADA..... <i>Katherine Lee Bates</i>	123
By permission of the author.	
68. ENGLAND—A CANADIAN TRIBUTE... <i>Wilfred Campbell</i>	124
From <i>Collected Poems</i> ; by permission of the publishers, Fleming H. Revell Co.	
69. AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND..... <i>A. T. Strong</i>	126
From <i>Sonnets of the Empire</i> , The Macmillan Co., London, publishers.	
70. INDIA TO ENGLAND..... <i>Nizamut Jung</i>	127
71. HYMN BEFORE ACTION..... <i>Rudyard Kipling</i>	128

Russia

72. HYMN OF FREE RUSSIA..... <i>Konstantin Balmont</i>	130
By permission of G. Schirmer, publisher.	

Italy

73. TO THE YOUNG MEN OF ITALY..... <i>Guisseppe Mazzini</i>	132
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An Invocation

THAT little children may in safety ride
The strong, clean waters of Thy splendid seas;
That Anti-Christ be no more glorified,
Nor mock Thy justice with his blasphemies,
We come—but not with threats or braggart boasts.
Hear us, Lord God of Hosts!

That Liberty be not betrayed and sold,
And that her sons prove worthy of the breed;
That Freedom's flag may shelter as of old,
Nor decorate the shrines of Gold and Greed,
We come; and on our consecrated sword
We ask Thy blessing, Lord.

That honor be among those priceless things
Without which life shall seem of little worth;
That covenants be not the sport of kings;
That freedom shall not perish from the earth,
We come; across a scarred and bloodstained sod,
Lead us, Almighty God!

BEATRICE BARRY.



WITH malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Call

Long, Too Long, America

LONG, too long, America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from
joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing,
grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children
en masse really are.

WALT WHITMAN.



The Torch Bearers

Here has the battle its last vantage ground;
Here all is won, or here must all be lost,
Here freedom's trumpets one last rally sound;
Here to the breeze its blood-stained flag is tossed.
America last hope of man and truth,
Thy name must through all the coming ages be
The badge unspeakable of shame and ruth,
Or glorious pledge that man through truth is free.
This is thy destiny; the choice is thine
To lead all nations and outshine them all;—
But if thou failest, deeper shame is thine,
And none shall spare to mock thee in thy fall.

ARLO BATES.

The President's War Message

(April 2, 1917)

Gentlemen of the Congress:

I HAVE called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean.

That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats.

The precautions taken were meager and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business; but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents.

Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the prescribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of domination and where lay the free highways of the world.

By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meager enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except those which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of noncombatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people can not be.

The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it.

The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put

excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are a single champion.

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks, as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity, indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be.

Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents.

There is one choice we can not make, we are incapable of making—we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the

United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it, and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable cooperation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may, so far as possible, be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible.

It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well-conceived taxation. I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation, because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain

only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them.

I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the twenty-second of January last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the third of February and on the twenty-sixth of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.

We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.

It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interests of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions.

Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression carried, it may be, from generation to generation can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow, privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life.

The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not, in fact, Russian in origin, character, or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their native majesty and might to

the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice, and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce.

Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them, we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.

We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the

world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon tested foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified indorsement and acceptance of the reckless, lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has, therefore, not been possible for this government to receive Count Tarnowski, the ambassador recently accredited to this government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts.

We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the government in the hour of test.

They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose.

If there should be disloyalty it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but if it lifts its head at all it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. /

— But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

WOODROW WILSON.

Stand by the President

LET me say a word about our great President, for he is entitled at every step to the applause and support of every American citizen, man, woman, and child, and I believe he has it.

Some of us in the past have criticized the President. Some of us long hesitated and doubted; some of us thought that watchful waiting would never cease. But now we see what the President was waiting for and how wisely he waited. He was waiting to see how fast and how far the American people would keep pace with him and stand up to any action that he proposed.

From the day the President appeared before Congress and made that wonderful address of his—one of the greatest state papers in the affairs of the United States since the formation of the Government—from that moment all doubt, all hesitation, all unwillingness was banished from the minds of all the people, and he is now our chosen leader for this great contest.

By no possibility can we have any other or think of any other. And we must uphold him through thick and thin from now until the end of the war.

JOSEPH CHOATE.

Battle Hymn of the Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can see His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall
deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Beat! Beat! Drums!

BEAT! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have
now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or
gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirl and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles
blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the
streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No
sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargain by day—no brokers or speculators—
would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to
sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the
judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier, drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
* * * * *
So strong you thump, oh terrible drums—so loud you bugles
blow.

WALT WHITMAN.

The Bugle Call

YEARS ago, in a foreign city, long after midnight, a bugle rang out clear and penetrating in the darkness that comes before dawn. It pierced the deepest recesses of sleep and sounded the great note of action and adventure. To what duty it summoned and whither it led they only knew to whom it was a command; but a great company of those who came out of their dreams to hear it were shaken by its imperative call, and must remember it as an impersonal symbol of that divine voice which from time to time rings in the innermost courts of a man's soul with the music of great deeds on noble fields. Hosts of men are paralyzed because they hear no voices save those that weaken and betray them—the voices of their weariness, indecision, skepticism, weakness. They sleep on their arms as if no fight was to be won, no soul to be saved from its baser passions, its cowardly moods. If they rouse themselves it is to take account of their discomfort; to note that the night is dark, the air cold, the ground hard. They lie bound hand and foot in a stupor of uncertainty and discouragement. They complain of their hardships, repine at their inaction, waste their courage and strength in hollow excuses and evasions. So intent are they on their deprivations that they forget the cause which they set out to serve and curse the leaders whom they no longer follow. Again and again the bugle rings out on the night, but they sleep on and take their rest even while the Master is betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

There are times when a man must say to his own spirit, "Up, thou sluggard, and away; the bugle calls; the day of battle dawns." Let no man be deceived; the fortunes of his soul are in his own hands. He may beguile himself for a time with the dream of fatalism, but even while he dreams he knows in his heart that he is deceiving himself. He may talk of his limitations, his difficulties, his conditions, his temperament; but in his heart he knows that these are mere subterfuges; that he has bound himself with imaginary fetters, and that if he will arise and stand erect these illusive bonds will fall from him.

He may not be able to do the work of some other man, but he can do his own work, and that is all that is required. Every man has the strength to do his duty if he chooses to put it forth, to be a man and not a dumb, driven creature, the mere shape of a man driven like a cloud of dust across the field of life by the wind of destiny. He may go to suffering, hardness, and death; but these things are mere incidents; the great thing is that he shall strive and not sleep. The prodigal slept long, but he heard the call at last, awoke, and became a man once more when he turned from the beasts and said, "I will go to my father."

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE.

False Peace and True

THERE is a peace wherein man's mood is tame—
Like clouds upon a windless summer day
The hours float by; the people take no shame
In alien mocks; like children are they gay.
Such peace is craven-bought, the cost is great;
Not so is nourished a puissant state.

There is a peace amidst the shock of arms
That satisfies the soul, though all the air
Hurtles with horror and is rude with harms;
Life's gray gleams into golden deeds, and where,
The while swords slept, unrighteousness was done,
Wrong takes her death-blow, and from sun to sun
That clarion cry *My Country!* makes men one.

RICHARD BURTON.

The Reveille

HARK ! I hear the tramp of thousands
And of armed men the hum;

Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying "Come,
Freemen, come!

Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum

"Let me of my heart take counsel:

War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"¹

But the drum
Echoed "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding
drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"

But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee answering
drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum
Answered "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant.—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice, proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum,
Lo! was dumb,
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,
"Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE.

Song of the Banner at Day-Break

I HEAR and see not strips of cloth alone,
I hear the tramp of armies, I hear the challenging sentry,
I hear the jubilant shouts of millions of men, I hear Liberty!
I hear the drums beat and the trumpets blowing,
I myself move abroad swift-rising flying then,
I use the wings of the land-bird and use the wings of the sea-
bird, and look down as from a height,
I do not deny the precious results of peace, I see populous cities
with wealth incalculable,
I see numberless farms, I see the farmers working in their fields
or barns,
I see mechanics working, I see buildings everywhere founded,
going up, or finish'd.
I see trains of cars swiftly speeding along railroad tracks drawn
by the locomotives,
I see the stores, depots, of Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New
Orleans,
I see far in the West the immense area of grain, I dwell awhile
hovering,
I pass to the lumber forests of the North, and again to the
Southern plantation, and again to California;
Sweeping the whole I see the countless profit, the busy gather-
ings, earn'd wages,
See the Identity formed out of thirty-eight spacious and
haughty States (and many more to come),
See forts on the shores of harbors, see ships sailing in and out;
Then over all (aye! aye!), my little and lengthen'd pennant
shaped like a sword,
Runs swiftly up indicating war and defiance—and now the
halyards have rais'd it,
Side of my banner broad and blue, side of my starry banner,
Discarding peace over all the sea and land.

WALT WHITMAN.

The National Flag

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. . . . When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too; and until recently wherever it streamed abroad men saw day-break bursting on their eyes. For until lately the American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes and men behold it they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

War-Music

BREAK off! Dance no more!
Danger is at the door.
Music is in arms
To signal war's alarms.

Hark, a sudden trumpet calling
Over the hill!
Why are you calling, trumpet, calling?
What is your will?

Men, men, men!
Men who are ready to fight
For their country's life, and the right
Of a liberty-loving land to be
Free, free, free!
Free from a tyrant's chain,
Free from dishonor's stain,
Free to guard and maintain
All that her fathers fought for,
All that her sons have wrought for,
Resolute, brave, and free!
Call again, trumpet, call again,
Call up the men!

Do you hear the storm of cheers
Mingled with the women's tears
And the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet?
Do you hear the throbbing drum
As the hosts of battle come
Keeping time, time, time to its beat?
O Music, give a song
To make their spirit strong
For the fury of the tempest they must meet.

The hoarse roar
 Of the monster guns;
 And the sharp bark
 Of the lesser guns;
 The whine of the shells,
 The rifles' clatter
 Where the bullets patter,
 The rattle, rattle, rattle
 Of the mitrailleuse in battle,
 And the yells
 Of the men who charge through hells
 Where the poison gas descends,
 And the bursting shrapnel rends
 Limb from limb
 In the dim
 Chaos and clamor of the strife,
 Where no man thinks of his life
 But only of fighting through,
 Blindly fighting through, through!

'Tis done
 At last!
 The victory won,
 The dissonance of warfare past!

O Music mourn the dead
 Whose loyal blood was shed,
 And sound the taps for every hero slain;
 Then lead into the song
 That made their spirit strong,
 And tell the world they did not die in vain.

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn,
 The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
 And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,
 That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.
 Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord
 Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
 But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
 O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Follow the Flag

Follow the flag!

BY EVERY fireside where live the love of country and the love of justice is heard a sigh of relief that our flag is not, after all, to be trampled in the mire. Now that it has been raised aloft, follow it. Follow it even to the battle front.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *high* mission. The land over which it flies inherited its spirit of freedom from a race which had practiced liberty for a thousand years. And the daughter paid back the debt to the mother. Her successful practice of free institutions caused the civic stature of the citizen in the motherland to grow. It lit the torch of liberty in France. Then, moving abreast, these three lands of democracy imparted to it impetus so resistless that freedom is sweeping victorious around the globe. Today constitutional government is the rule, not the exception, in the world. Once more these three nations are together leading a great cause and this time as brothers in arms.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *world* mission. If the high hope of our President is fulfilled, that flag will have new meaning. Just as the stars and stripes in it symbolized the union of free states in America, so now they may come to symbolize the beginnings of a union of nations, self-governing, and because they are self-governing making for good will and for justice.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *stern* mission. Follow it, not for revenge, yet in anger—righteous anger against the bloody crew who, with criminal intent, have brought upon the world the greatest sum of human misery it has ever known in all its history. Follow it till that ugly company is put down and the very people themselves whom they so grievously deceived and misled, by coming into liberty, will come to bless that flag and kiss its gleaming folds.

Follow the flag!

Too long it has been absent from that line in France where once again an Attila has been stopped. It has been needed there, God knows! And yet, though not visible to the eye, it is and has been there from the beginning. It is there in the hearts of those fifty thousand American boys who saw their duty clear and moved up to it. Now at last it may be flung to the breeze in the front line, to be visible by day, and to remain at nightfall, like the blessings of a prayer fulfilled, in the consciousness of men. Follow it and take your stand beside the fifty thousand.

Follow the flag!

THEODORE MARBURG.

The Flag Goes By

HATS off !

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off !
The flag is passing by !

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off !
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by:

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off !
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off !
The flag is passing by !

HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

The Meaning of the Flag

FRRIENDS and fellow citizens: I know of nothing more difficult than to render an adequate tribute to the emblem of our nation. For those of us who have shared that nation's life and felt the beat of its pulse it must be considered a matter of impossibility to express the great things which that emblem embodies. I venture to say that a great many things are said about the flag which very few people stop to analyze. For me the flag does not express a mere body of vague sentiment. The flag of the United States has not been created by rhetorical sentences in declarations of independence and in bills of rights. It has been created by the experience of a great people, and nothing is written upon it that has not been written by their life. It is the embodiment, not of a sentiment, but of a history, and no man can rightly serve under that flag who has not caught some of the meaning of that history.

Experience, ladies and gentlemen, is made by men and women. National experience is the product of those who do the living under that flag. It is their living that has created its significance. You do not create the meaning of a national life by any literary exposition of it, but by the actual daily endeavors of a great people to do the tasks of the day and live up to the ideals of honesty and righteousness and just conduct. And as we think of these things, our tribute is to those men who have created this experience. Many of them are known by name to all the world—statesmen, soldiers, merchants, masters of industry, men of letters and of thought who have coined our hearts into action or into words. Of these men we feel that they have shown us the way. They have not been afraid to go before. They have known that they were speaking the thoughts of a great people when they led that great people along the paths of achievement. There was not a single swashbuckler among them. They were men of sober, quiet thought, the more effective because there was no bluster in it. They were men who thought along the lines of duty, not along the lines of self-aggrandizement. They were men, in short, who thought of the people whom they served and not of themselves.

But while we think of these men and do honor to them as to those who have shown us the way, let us not forget that the real experience and life of a nation lies with the great multitude of unknown men. It lies with those men whose names are never in the headlines of newspapers, those men who know the heat and pain and desperate loss of hope that sometimes comes in the great struggle of daily life; not the men who stand on the side and comment, not the men who merely try to interpret the great struggle, but the men who are engaged in the struggle. They constitute the body of the nation. This flag is the essence of their daily endeavors. This flag does not express any more than what they are and what they desire to be.

As I think of the life of this great nation it seems to me that we sometimes look to the wrong places for its sources. We look to the noisy places, where men are talking in the market place; we look to where men are expressing their individual opinions; we look to where partisans are expressing passions; instead of trying to attune our ears to that voiceless mass of men who merely go about their daily tasks, try to be honorable, try to serve the people they love, try to live worthy of the great communities to which they belong. These are the breath of the nation's nostrils; these are the sinews of its might.

How can any man presume to interpret the emblem of the United States, the emblem of what we would fain be among the family of nations, and find it incumbent upon us to be in the daily round of routine duty? This is Flag Day, but that only means that it is a day when we are to recall the things which we should do every day of our lives. There are no days of special patriotism. There are no days when we should be more patriotic than on other days. We celebrate the Fourth of July merely because the great enterprise of liberty was started on the fourth of July in America, but the great enterprise of liberty was not begun in America. It is illustrated by the blood of thousands of martyrs who lived and died before the great experiment on this side of the water. The Fourth of July merely marks the day when we consecrated ourselves as a nation to this high thing which we pretend to serve. The benefit of a day like this is merely in turning away from the things that distract us, turning away from the things that touch us personally and absorb our interest in the hours of daily work. We remind ourselves of those things that are greater

than we are, of those principles by which we believe our hearts to be elevated, of the more difficult things that we must undertake in these days of perplexity when a man's judgment is safest only when it follows the line of principle.

I am solemnized in the presence of such a day. I would not undertake to speak your thoughts. You must interpret them for me. But I do feel that back, not only of every public official, but of every man and woman of the United States, there marches that great host which has brought us to the present day; the host that has never forgotten the vision which it saw at the birth of the nation; the host which always responds to the dictates of humanity and of liberty; the host that will always constitute the strength and the great body of friends of every man who does his duty to the United States.

I am sorry that you do not wear a little flag of the Union every day instead of some days. I can only ask you, if you lose the physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, and the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world.

WOODROW WILSON.

America

America

• **T**HE hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



THESE are the things we shall stand for, whether in war or in peace:

That all nations are equally interested in the peace of the world and in the political stability of free peoples and equally responsible for their maintenance.

That the essential principle of peace is the actual equality of nations in all matters of right or privilege.

That peace can not securely or justly rest upon an armed balance of power.

That governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no other powers should be supported by the common thought, purpose, or power of the family of nations.

That the seas should be equally free and safe for the use of all peoples, under rules set up by common agreement and consent, and that, so far as practicable, they should be accessible to all upon equal terms.

That national armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety.—*From President Wilson's Second Inaugural Address.*



ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

America First

THERE is a very great thrill to be had from the memories of the American Revolution, but the American Revolution was a beginning, not a consummation, and the duty laid upon us by that beginning is the duty of bringing the things then begun to a noble triumph of completion. For it seems to me that the peculiarity of patriotism in America is that it is not a mere sentiment. It is an active principle of conduct. It is something that was born into the world, not to please it but to regenerate it. It is something that was born into the world to replace systems that had preceded it and to bring men out upon a new plane of privilege. The glory of the men whose memories you honor and perpetuate is that they saw this vision, and it was a vision of the future. It was a vision of great days to come when a little handful of three million people upon the borders of a single sea should have become a great multitude of free men and women spreading across a great continent, dominating the shores of two oceans, and sending West as well as East the influences of individual freedom. These things were consciously in their minds as they framed the great Government which was born out of the American Revolution; and every time we gather to perpetuate their memories it is incumbent upon us that we should be worthy of recalling them and that we should endeavor by every means in our power to emulate their example.

The American Revolution was the birth of a nation; it was the creation of a great free republic based upon traditions of personal liberty which theretofore had been confined to a single little island, but which it was purposed should spread to all mankind. And the singular fascination of American history is that it has been a process of constant re-creation, of making over again in each generation the thing which was conceived at first. You know how peculiarly necessary that has been in our case, because America has not grown by the mere multiplication of the original stock. It is easy to preserve tradition with continuity of blood; it is easy in a single family to remember the

origins of the race and the purposes of its organization; but it is not so easy when that race is constantly being renewed and augmented from other sources, from stocks that did not carry or originate the same principles.

* * * * *

Now we have come to a time of special stress and test. There never was a time when we needed more clearly to conserve the principles of our own patriotism than this present time. . . . Every political action, every social action, should have for its object in America at this time to challenge the spirit of America; to ask that every man and woman who thinks first of America should rally to the standards of our life. . . .

America has a great cause which is not confined to the American continent. It is the cause of humanity itself. I do not mean in anything that I say even to imply a judgment upon any nation or upon any policy, for my object here this afternoon is not to sit in judgment upon anybody but ourselves and to challenge you to assist all of us who are trying to make America more than ever conscious of her own principles and her own duty. I look forward to the necessity in every political agitation in the years which are immediately at hand of calling upon every man to declare himself, where he stands. Is it America first, or is it not?

* * * * *

Some of the best stuff of America has come out of foreign lands, and some of the best stuff in America is in the men who are naturalized citizens of the United States. I would not be afraid upon the test of "America first" to take a census of all the foreign-born citizens of the United States, for I know that the vast majority of them came here because they believed in America; and their belief in America has made them better citizens than some people who were born in America. . . . I am not deceived as to the balance of opinion among the foreign-born citizens of the United States, but I am in a hurry for an opportunity to have a line-up and let the men who are thinking first of other countries stand on one side and all those that are for America first, last, and all the time on the other side.

* * * * *

So it has seemed to me that my privilege was not merely a privilege of courtesy, but the real privilege of reminding you—for I am sure I am doing nothing more—of the great principles

which we stand associated to promote. I for my part rejoice that we belong to a country in which the whole business of government is so difficult. We do not take orders from anybody; it is a universal communication of conviction, the most subtle, delicate, and difficult of processes. There is not a single individual's opinion that is not of some consequence in making up the grand total, and to be in this great cooperative effort is the most stimulating thing in the world. A man standing alone may well misdoubt his own judgment. He may mistrust his own intellectual processes; he may even wonder if his own heart leads him right in matters of public conduct; but if he finds his heart part of the great throb of a national life, there can be no doubt about it. If that is his happy circumstance, then he may know that he is part of one of the great forces of the world.

I would not feel any exhilaration in belonging to America if I did not feel that she was something more than a rich and powerful nation. I should not feel proud to be in some respects and for a little while her spokesman if I did not believe that there was something else than physical force behind her. I believe that the glory of America is that she is a great spiritual conception, and in the spirit of her institutions dwells not only her distinction but her power. The one thing that the world can not permanently resist is the moral force of great and triumphant convictions.

WOODROW WILSON.

America the Beautiful

O BEAUTIFUL, for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

The Building of the Ship

* * * * *

THOU, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Our Noble Inheritance

LET the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils and sufferings and blood of their ancestors; and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its foundations are solid; its compartments are beautiful as well as useful; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; and its defences are impregnable from without. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of man may justly aspire to such a title. It may, nevertheless, perish in an hour by the folly or corruption or negligence of its only keepers, THE PEOPLE. Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.

JOSEPH STORY.

Ode, July 4

O TENDERLY the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses beat not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold
O'er-mantling land and sea,
One third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state—
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead—
Present and Past in under-song—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See rights for which the one hand fights
By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll
Of honor o'er the sea,
And bid the broad Atlantic roll,
A ferry of the free.

And, henceforth, there shall be no chain,
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of LIBERTY.

The conscious stars accord above,
The waters wild below,
And under, through the cable wove,
Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Efficiency of Free Governments

THE United States owe to the world a great example, and, by means thereof, to the cause of liberty and humanity a generous support. They have so far succeeded to the satisfaction of the virtuous and enlightened of every country. There is no reason to doubt that their whole movement will be regulated by a sacred regard to principle, all our institutions being founded on that basis. The ability to support our own cause under any trial to which it may be exposed is the great point on which the public solicitude rests. It has been often charged against free governments that they have neither the foresight nor the virtue to provide at the proper season for great emergencies; that their course is improvident and expensive; that war will always find them unprepared, and, whatever may be its calamities, that its terrible warnings will be disregarded and forgotten as soon as peace returns. I have full confidence that this charge so far as it relates to the United States will be shewn to be utterly destitute of truth.

JAMES MONROE.

Boston Hymn

THE word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the seaside,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel—his name is Freedom—
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers the statue
When he has wrought his best.

I show Columbia, of the rocks
Which dip their foot in the seas,
And soar to the air-borne flocks
Of clouds, and the boreal fleece.

I will divide my goods;
Call in the wretch and slave:
None shall rule but the humble,
And none but Toil shall have.

I will have never a noble,
No lineage counted great;
Fishers and choppers and ploughmen
Shall constitute a state.

Go, cut down trees in the forest,
 And trim the straightest boughs;
 Cut down trees in the forest,
 And build me a wooden house.

Call the people together,
 The young men and the sires,
 The digger in the harvest field,
 Hireling, and him that hires;

And here in a pine state-house
 They shall choose men to rule
 In every needful faculty,
 In church, and state, and school.

Lo, now! if these poor men
 Can govern the land and sea,
 And make just laws below the sun,
 As planets faithful be.

And ye shall succor men;
 'Tis nobleness to serve;
 Help them who can not help again:
 Beware from right to swerve.

I break your bonds and masterships,
 And I unchain the slave:
 Free be his heart and hand henceforth
 As wind and wandering wave.

Come, East and West and North,
 By races, as snowflakes,
 And carry my purpose forth,
 Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
 For, in daylight or in dark,
 My thunderbolt has eyes to see
 His way home to the mark.

R. W. EMERSON.

Gettysburg Address

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O Captain! My Captain!

(Written in 1865, at the close of the Civil War and just after the assassination of Lincoln).

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship comes in with object won:
Exult, O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

Good Citizenship

OUR country is infinitely more than a domain affording to those who dwell upon it immense material advantages and opportunities. In such a country we live. But I love to think of a glorious nation built upon the will of free men, set apart for the propagation and cultivation of humanity's best ideal of a free government, and made ready for the growth and fruitage of the highest aspirations of patriotism. This is the country that lives in us. I indulge in no mere figure of speech when I say that our nation, the immortal spirit of our domain, lives in us—in our hearts and minds and consciences. There it must find its nutriment or die. This thought more than any other presents to our minds the impressiveness and responsibility of American citizenship. The land we live in seems to be strong and active. But how fares the land that lives in us? Are we sure that we are doing all we ought to keep it in vigor and health? Are we keeping its roots well surrounded by the fertile soil of loving allegiance, and are we furnishing them the invigorating moisture of unselfish fidelity? Are we as diligent as we ought to be to protect this precious growth against the poison that must arise from the decay of harmony and honesty and industry and frugality; and are we sufficiently watchful against the deadly, burrowing pests of consuming greed and cankerous cupidity? Our answers to these questions make up the account of our stewardship as keepers of a sacred trust.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Ballad of Lieutenant Miles

WHEN you speak of dauntless deeds,
When you tell of stirring scenes,
Tell this story of the isles
Where the endless summer smiles,—
Tell of young Lieutenant Miles
In the far-off Philippines!

'Twas the Santa Ana fight!—
All along the Tagal line
From the thickets dense and dire
Gushed the fountains of their fire;
You could mark their rifles' ire,
You could hark their bullets whine.

Little wonder there was pause!
Some were wounded, some were dead;
"Call Lieutenant Miles!" He came,
In his eyes a fearless flame.
"Yonder block-house is our aim!"
The battalion leader said.

"You must take it—how you will;
You must break this damnèd spell!"
"Volunteers!" cried Miles. 'Twas vain,
For that narrow tropic lane
'Twixt the bamboo and the cane
Was a very lane of hell.

There were five stood forth at last;
God above, but they were men!
"Come!"—exultantly he saith!
Did they falter? Not a breath!
Down the path of hurtling death
The Lieutenant led them then.

Two have fallen—now a third!
Forward dash the other three;
In the onrush of that race
Ne'er a swerve nor stay of pace.
And the Tagals—dare they face
Such a desperate company?

Panic gripped them by the throat,—
Every Tagal rifleman;
And as though they seemed to see
In those charging foemen three
An avenging destiny,
Fierce and fast and far they ran.

So a salvo for the six!
So a round of ringing cheers!
Heroes of the distant isles
Where the endless summer smiles,—
Gallant young Lieutenant Miles
And his valiant volunteers!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A Ballad of Manila Bay

YOUR threats how vain, Corregidor;
Your rampired batteries, feared no more;
Your frowning guard at Manila gate,—
When our Captain went before!

Lights out. Into the unknown gloom
From the windy, glimmering, wide sea-room,
Challenging fate in that dark strait
We dared the hidden doom.

But the death in the deep awoke not then;
Mine and torpedo they spoke not then;
From the heights that loomed on our passing line
The thunders broke not then.

Safe through the perilous dark we sped,
Quiet each ship as the quiet dead,
Till the guns of El Fraile roared—too late,
And the steel prows forged ahead.

Mute each ship as the mute-mouth grave,
A ghost leviathan cleaving the wave;
But deep in its heart the great fires throb,
The travailing engines rave,

The ponderous pistons urge like fate,
The red-throat furnaces roar elate,
And the sweating stokers stagger and swoon
In a heat more fierce than hate.

So through the dark we stole our way
Past the grim warders and into the bay,
Past Kalibuyo, and past Salinas,—
And came at the break of day

Where strong Cavité stood to oppose,—
 Where, from a sheen of silver and rose,
 A thronging of masts, a soaring of towers,
 The beautiful city arose.

How fine and fair! But the shining air
 With a thousand shattering thunders there
 Flapped and reeled. For the fighting foe—
 We had caught him in his lair.

Surprised, unready, his proud ships lay
 Idly at anchor in Bakor Bay;—
 Unready, surprised, but proudly bold,
 Which was ever the Spaniard's way.

Then soon on his pride the dread doom fell,
 Red doom,—for the ruin of shot and shell
 Lit every vomiting, bursting hulk
 With a crimson reek of hell.

But to the brave though beaten, hail!
 All hail to them that dare and fail!
 To the dauntless boat that charged our fleet
 And sank in the iron hail!

Manila Bay! Manila Bay!
 How proud the song on our lips to-day!
 A brave old song of the true and strong,
 And the will that has its way;

Of the blood that told in the days of Drake
 When the fight was good for the fighting's sake!
 For the blood that fathered Farragut
 Is the blood that fathered Blake;

And the pride of the blood will not be undone
 While war's in the world and a fight to be won.
 For the master now, as the master of old,
 Is "the man behind the gun."

The dominant blood that daunts the foe,
 That laughs at odds, and leaps to the blow,—
 It is Dewey's glory to-day, as Nelson's
 A hundred years ago!

CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

A Tribute to Our Sailor Dead

(March 21, 1898)

NO HUMAN speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence, already given by a great and grateful Nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the *Maine*. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors.

It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two of them were from my native state of Iowa. Some were only recently at the United States Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, that had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one state or another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but a little less than love and a little more than friendship, that gentle salutation of the human heart which lives in all the languages of man, that winds and turns and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race, through deed and thought and dream, through song and toil and battlefield.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty, sleep lured them into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when

life was full of hope, and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steepes of fame and flooding all life's landscape far out into the dreamy, distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana, the black-winged vulture watches for the dead, while over it, and over all, there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the truth.

Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

“The tumult and the shouting dies—
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

ROBERT G. COUSINS.

America for Me

'TIS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Duty and Value of Patriotism

PATRIOTISM is love of country and loyalty to its life and weal; love tender and strong, tender as the affection of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through the ages humanity has burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which recount its deeds. Fireside tales, the outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they echo its whisperings; orators most potent when they attune their speech to its inspirations.

Pagan nations were wrong in making gods of their noblest patriots. But their error was the excess of the great truth: that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism; that patriotism is one of earth's most exalted virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

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The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and warships. Patriotism is the vital spark of the nation's honor, the living fount of the nation's prosperity, the strong shield of the nation's safety.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is, among earth's possessions, the most precious, the first and best and dearest—country; and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in man—the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it attains its full force and beauty only where minds are elevated and hearts are generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond the deserts of patriotism. It is sublime

in its heroic oblation upon the field of battle: "Oh, glorious is he who for his country falls!" exclaims the Trojan warrior, Hector. It is sublime in the oft-repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable, none more estimable, than to deserve well of the commonwealth."

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The Lord is the God of nations because He is the God of men. Without His bidding no nation springs into life or vanishes back into nothingness. I believe in the providence of God over countries even as I believe in His wisdom and His love, and my allegiance to my country rises before my soul encircled with the halo of my loyalty to my God.

A century ago a transatlantic poet and philosopher, reading the signs of the times, wrote:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and fealty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, her boundless riches of soil and of mountain, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, prosperous in peace, valorous in war, gifted in mind and heart, skilled in commerce and industry. Be this my theme in praise of America: She is, as none other, the land of human dignity and of human liberty!

America, rising into the family of nations in these latter times, is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we view her in this altitude, we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature, and hide from ourselves the singular design of Providence in creating her.

When the fathers of the Republic declared: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a principle was enunciated

which, in its truth, was as old as the race, but in practical realization was almost unknown.

Slowly and laboriously, amid suffering and revolution, humanity had been reaching out toward a reign of the rights of man. Paganism utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; man was what wealth, or place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that nature intended some men to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man.

Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions into accord with its spiritual faith. . . . This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defense and of conquest—the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

. . . The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's greatness and man's dignity. In liberty lie the sweetness of life and the power of growth. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Under the spell of heavenly memories, humanity never has ceased to dream of liberty, and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the Star-Spangled Banner rose toward the skies, was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation. In America there are no masters who govern in their own right, for their own interest, or at their own will. We have over us no Bourbon saying: "*L'état, c'est moi*"; no Hohenzollern proclaiming that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God. Ours is the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our Government is our own organized will.

In America, rights begin with and go upward from the people. In other countries, even in those which are apparently the most free, rights begin with and come downward from the state; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been wrested from the governing powers.

In America, whenever the government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen remains intact. Elsewhere there are governments called republics; there, too, universal suffrage establishes the state: but once established, the state is tyrannous and arbitrary; invades at will private rights and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic only is liberty's native home—America.

JOHN IRELAND,
Archbishop of St. Paul.

Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight

(In Springfield, Illinois)

IT IS portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He can not sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He can not rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come;—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

VACHEL, LINDSAY.

Democracy

THERE can be no doubt that the spectacle of a great and prosperous Democracy on the other side of the Atlantic must react powerfully on the aspirations and political theories of men in the Old World who do not find things to their mind; but, whether for good or evil, it should not be overlooked that the acorn from which it sprang was ripened on the British oak. Every successive swarm that has gone out from this *officina gentium* has, when left to its own instincts—may I not call them hereditary instincts?—assumed a more or less thoroughly democratic form. This would seem to show, what I believe to be the fact, that the British Constitution, under whatever disguises of prudence or decorum, is essentially democratic. . . . People are continually saying that America is in the air, and I am glad to think it is, since this means only that a clearer conception of human claims and human duties is beginning to be prevalent. The discontent with the existing order of things, however, pervaded the atmosphere wherever the conditions were favorable, long before Columbus, seeking the back door of Asia, found himself knocking at the front door of America. The sentiment which lies at the root of Democracy is nothing new. I am speaking always of a sentiment, a spirit, and not of a form of government; for this was but the outgrowth of the other and not its cause. This sentiment is merely an expression of the natural wish of people to have a hand, if need be a controlling hand, in the management of their own affairs. What is new is that they are more and more gaining that control, and learning more and more how to be worthy of it. What we used to call the tendency or drift—what we are being taught to call more wisely the evolution of things—has for some time been setting steadily in this direction. . . .

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We hear it said sometimes that this is an age of transition, as if that made matters clearer; but can any one point us to an age that was not? If he could, he would show us an age of

stagnation. The question for us, as it has been for all before us, is to make the transition gradual and easy, to see that our points are right so that the train may not come to grief. For we should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected than to spell evolution with an initial "r." A great man struggling with the storms of fate has been called a sublime spectacle; but surely a great man wrestling with these new forces that have come into the world, mastering them and controlling them to beneficent ends, would be a yet sublimer. Here is not a danger, and if there were it would be only a better school of manhood, a nobler scope for ambition. I have hinted that what people are afraid of in Democracy is less the thing itself than what they conceive to be its necessary adjuncts and consequences. It is supposed to reduce all mankind to a dead level of mediocrity in character and culture, to vulgarize men's conceptions of life, and therefore their code of morals, manners, and conduct—to endanger the rights of property and possession. But I believe that the real gravamen of the charges lies in the habit it has of making itself generally disagreeable by asking the Powers that Be at the most inconvenient moment whether they are the powers that ought to be. If the Powers that Be are in a condition to give a satisfactory answer to this inevitable question, they need feel in no way discomfited by it.

Few people take the trouble of trying to find out what democracy really is. Yet this would be a great help, for it is our lawless and uncertain thoughts, it is the indefiniteness of our impressions, that fill darkness, whether mental or physical, with specters and hobgoblins. Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be "the government of the people, by the people, for the people." This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that "Democracy meant not 'I'm as good as you are,' but 'You're as good as I am.' " And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as a complement of the other; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles that the old

sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist Dekker said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. A beautiful and profound parable of the Persian poet Jellaladeen tells us that "One knocked at the Beloved's door, and a voice asked from within 'Who is there?' and he answered 'It is I.' Then the voice said, 'This house will not hold me and thee'; and the door was not opened. Then went the lover into the desert and fasted and prayed in solitude, and after a year he returned and knocked again at the door; and again the voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said 'It is thyself'; and the door was opened to him."

But that is idealism, you will say, and this is an only too practical world. I grant it; but I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Makers of the Flag

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

The New Banner

O FELLOW-CITIZENS of storm-tossed Lands,
War weary! Sound the bugle-note! Arise!
New steadfast standards wait your eager hands,
The Star of Promise orbs to meet your eyes.
Great Kings must pass, that mankind may be free,
Beneath the banner of Democracy!

The Mighty Ruler of this mortal life
Has wisdom, not by mortals understood:
The seeds of blood, the deeds of wanton strife
Shall some day harvest unexpected good.
Great Kings shall pass and every nation be
Ruled by the people—for the people, free.

When the mad anguish of this stricken world—
Where valiant heroes daily fight and fall—
Has passed and Freedom's banners are unfurled,
Then shall we know the reason for it all!
Then every waiting, heart-sick land shall see
The ultimate design of Destiny!

Brave men and women, laboring in toil—
Who, faithful, fight with willing sword or pen,
Who work to break the rock or till the soil—
Shall wear the high insignia of men.
All Kings must pass, that every man may be
A monarch in his manhood, strong and free!

Beyond the present, unimagined woe,
A glorious Day is breaking o'er the earth:
As Spring flowers blossom, after ice-bound snow,
The God of Gods shall bring new things to birth.
It is the dawn! Great forces are set free!
All Hail the Day! World-wide Democracy!

KATRINA TRASK.

The New Crusade

LIFE is a trifle;
Honor is all;
Shoulder the rifle;
Answer the call.
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Battle is tragic;
Battle shall cease;
Ours is the magic
Mission of Peace.

Gladly we barter
Gold of our youth
For Liberty's charter
Blood-sealed in truth.
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

Sons of the granite,
Strong be our stroke,
Making this planet
Safe for the folk.

Life is but passion,
Sunshine on dew.
Forward to fashion
The old world anew!
"A nation of traders"!
We'll show what we are,
Freedom's crusaders
Who war against war.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

The Medical Corps

THEIR country's need is more to them than personal demands;

There is no law to send these men to serve in war-torn lands;
They freely go, they gladly go, with healing in their hands.

What is the sacrifice they make? A life's achievements lost;
The barriers that blocked success by weary stages crossed,
They cast the hard-won prize aside, nor stop to count the cost.

I think the surgeons, more than most, are truly great of soul;
Their many charities, if told, would fill a lengthy scroll—
Their daily, countless kindnesses make more than bodies whole.

God speed the ships that bear the food we hasten overseas;
God bless the men who fight to save our threatened liberties—
God knows the surgeons who enlist are not the least of these.

BEATRICE BARRY.

The Red Cross Spirit Speaks

I

WHEREVER war, with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
Thither I fly.

II

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench.
The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
What shells have torn.

III

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give.

IV

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
The crimson loss.

V

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am *you*, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
Your avatar.

VI

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

JOHN FINLEY.

German-American Loyalty

MY EMOTIONS tell me one thing at this awful time, but my reason tells me another. As a German by birth it is a horrible calamity that I may have to fight Germans. That is natural, is it not so? But as an American, by preference, I can see no other course open.

* * * * *

For twenty-five years Germany has shown dislike for the United States—the Samoan affair, the Hongkong contretemps, the Manila Bay incident, the unguarded words of the Kaiser himself, and, lastly, the Haitian controversy in 1914 And it has not been from mere commercial or diplomatic friction. It is because their ideals of government are absolutely opposite. One or the other must go down. It is for us to say now which it shall be.

Because of my birth and feelings beyond my control I have no particular love for the French and less for the British. But by a strange irony of fate I see those nations giving their blood for principles which I hold dear, against the wrong principles of people I individually love. It is a very unhappy paradox, but one I can not escape. I do not want to see the allies triumph over the land of my birth. But I very much want to see the triumph of the ideas they fight for.

It sickens my soul to think of this nation going forth to help destroy people many of whom are bound to me by ties of blood and friendship. But it must be so. It is like a dreadful surgical operation. The militaristic, undemocratic demon which rules Germany must be cast out. It is for us to do it—now. I have tried to tell myself that it is not our affair; that we should have contented ourselves with measures of defense and armed neutrality. But I know that is not so. The mailed fist has been shaken under our nose before. If Prussianism triumphs in this war, the fist will continue to shake. We shall be in real peril and those ideas for which so much of the world's best blood has been spilled through the centuries will be in danger of

extinction. It seems to me common sense that we begin our defense by immediate attack when the demon is occupied and when we can command assistance.

There is much talk of what people like me will do, and fear of the hyphen. No such thing exists. The German-American is as staunch as the American of adoption of any other land and perhaps more so. Let us make war upon Germany, not from revenge, not to uphold her splitting quibbles of international law. But let us make war with our whole heart and with all our strength because Germany worships one God and we another and because the lion and the lamb can not lie down together. One or the other must perish.

Let us make war upon the Germany of the *Junkerthum*, the Germany of frightfulness, the Germany of arrogance and selfishness, and let us swear not to make peace until the imperial German Government is the sovereign German people.

C. KOTZENABE.

A Message to the German Born

A CENTURY and a half ago Americans of English birth rose to free this country from the oppression of the rulers of England. To-day Americans of German birth are called upon to rise, together with their fellow-citizens of all races, to free not only this country but the whole world from the oppression of the rulers of Germany, an oppression far less capable of being endured and of far graver portent.

Speaking as one born of German parents, I do not hesitate to state it as my deep conviction that the greatest service which men of German birth or antecedents can render to the country of their origin is to proclaim and to stand up for those great and fine ideals and national qualities and traditions which they inherited from their ancestors, and to set their faces like flint against the monstrous doctrines and acts of a rulership which have robbed them of the Germany which they loved and in which they took just pride, the Germany which had the good will, respect, and admiration of the entire world.

I do not hesitate to state it as my solemn conviction that the more unmistakably and whole-heartedly Americans of German origin throw themselves into the struggle which this country has entered in order to rescue Germany, no less than America and the rest of the world, from those sinister forces that are, in President Wilson's language, the enemy of all mankind, the better they protect and serve the repute of the old German name and the true advantage of the German people.

I measure my words. They are borne out all too emphatically by the hideous eloquence of deeds which have appalled the conscience of the civilized world. They are borne out by numberless expressions, written and spoken, of German professors employed by the State to teach its youth.

The burden of teaching is that might makes right, and that the German nation has been chosen to exercise, morally, mentally, and actually, the overlordship of the world, and must and will

accomplish that task and that destiny whatever the cost in bloodshed, misery, and ruin.

* * * * *

I speak in sorrow, for I am speaking of the country of my origin, and I have not forgotten what I owe to it.

I speak in bitter disappointment, for I am thinking of the Germany of former days, the Germany which has contributed its full share to the store of the world's imperishable assets and which, in not a few fields of human endeavor and achievement, held the leading place among the nations of the earth.

And I speak in the firm faith that, after its people shall have shaken off and made atonement for the dreadful spell which an evil fate has cast upon them, that former Germany is bound to arise again and, in due course of time, will again deserve and attain the good will and the high respect of the world and the affectionate loyalty of all those of German blood in foreign lands.

But I know that neither Germany nor this country nor the rest of the world can return to happiness and peace and fruitful labor until it shall have been made manifest, bitterly and unmistakably manifest, to the rulers who bear the blood-guilt for this wanton war and to their misinformed and misguided peoples that the spirit which unchained it can not prevail, that the hateful doctrines and methods in pursuance of which and in compliance with which it is conducted are rejected with abhorrence by the civilized world, and that the overweening ambitions which it was meant to serve can never be achieved.

The fight for civilization which we all fondly believed had been won many years ago must be fought over again. In this sacred struggle it is now our privilege to take no mean part and our glory to bring sacrifices.

OTTO H. KAHN.

Belgium

Liberty's Champions

IT IS one of the best qualities of human nature that makes us, as we enjoy the blessings of freedom of intellect, freedom of religion, freedom of action, look back with gratitude to the men who sacrificed themselves in the long struggle of the ages for these things. Whether they be martyrs at the stake, or Cameronians in the Highlands of Scotland, or Huguenots in the Gvennes, or lawyers pleading for justice against popular clamor and disapproval, or brave men fighting in the defense of their country's liberty, we are all grateful to them because our blessings came from their noble sacrifice.

My friends, so sure am I that liberty and security in this land of ours depend upon the destruction and abandonment of the hated principle of national aggrandisement and immorality, and the enthronement of the principles of national responsibility and morality, that for all the countless generations to come after us in our dear land, I am grateful with all my heart to those men who are fighting in the trenches in France and Belgium and Russia and Italy and the Balkans today for the liberty and peace of my children's children.

ELIHU ROOT.

Belgium

SHE is not dead! Although the spoiler's hand
Lies heavy as death upon her; though the smart
Of his accursed steel is at her heart,
And scarred upon her breast his shameful brand;
Though yet the torches of the vandal band
Smoke on her ruined fields, her trampled lanes,
Her ravaged homes and desolated fanes,
She is not dead, but sleeping, that wronged land.

O little nation, valorous and free,
Thou shalt o'erlive the terror and the pain;
Call back thy scattered children unto thee,
Strong with the memory of their brothers slain,
And rise from out thy charnel-house, to be
Thine own immortal, radiant Self again.

SIDNEY LOW.

The Flag in Belgium

WE STOOD on Belgium's tortured soil,
War-scarred it was—blood red,
While Hunger stalked the smitten land
And widows mourned their dead;
And there was nowhere sign of hope,
And nowhere help was nigh,
Save in that spot where flew our flag,
The Stars and Stripes, on high.

Beneath it, safe protected, lay
The food by Pity sent,
And where it waved, Compassion stood
With succor for the spent.
The little children blessed the flag,
And women kissed its bars,
And men looked up, again with hope
To gaze upon its stars.

Go, trace its glories to their source
In fights by land or sea,
And tell of all that made this flag
The emblem of the free,
But nobler fight was never waged
Nor higher honour gained
Than where this flag 'gainst Famine's force
God's mercy still maintained.

WILLIAM C. EDGAR.

Pastoral Letter, Christmas, 1914

I SPEAK to you simply and directly of what is your duty, and of what may be your hope. That duty I shall express in two words: Patriotism and Endurance.

* * * * *

When, immediately on my return from Rome, I went to Havre to greet our Belgian, French, and English wounded; when, later at Malines, at Louvain, at Antwerp, it was given to me to take the hands of those brave men who carried a bullet in their flesh, a wound on their forehead, because they had marched to the attack of the enemy, or borne the shock of his onslaught, it was a word of gratitude to them that rose to my lips. "O valiant friends," I said, "it was for us, it was for each one of us, it was for me, that you risked your lives and are now in pain. I am moved to tell you of my respect, of my thankfulness, to assure you that the whole nation knows how much she is in debt to you."

For in truth our soldiers are our saviours.

A first time, at Liege, they saved France; a second time, in Flanders, they arrested the advance of the enemy upon Calais. France and England know it; and Belgium stands before them both, and before the entire world, as a nation of heroes.

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If any man had rescued you from shipwreck, or from a fire, you would assuredly hold yourself bound to him by a debt of everlasting thankfulness. But it is not one man, it is two hundred and fifty thousand men who fought, who suffered, who fell for you so that you might be free, so that Belgium might keep her independence, her dynasty, her patriotic unity; so that after the vicissitudes of battle she might rise nobler, purer, more erect, and more glorious than before.

Pray daily, my brethren, for these two hundred and fifty thousand, and for their leaders to victory; pray for our brothers

in arms; pray for the fallen; pray for those who are still engaged;
 pray for the recruits who are making ready for the fight to come.

* * * * *

These last four months have seemed to me age-long. By thousands have our brave ones been mown down; wives, mothers, are weeping for those they shall not see again; hearths are desolate; dire poverty spreads, anguish increases. . . . The ruins I beheld, and the ashes, were more dreadful than I, prepared by the saddest of forebodings, could have imagined.

* * * * *

In this dear city of Louvain, perpetually in my thoughts, the magnificent church of St. Peter will never recover its former splendour. The ancient college of St. Ives, the art schools, the consular and commercial schools of the University, the old markets, our rich library, with its collections, its unique and unpublished manuscripts, its gallery of great portraits, . . . which preserved . . . a noble tradition—all this accumulation of intellectual, of historic, and of artistic riches, the fruits of the labours of five centuries—all is in the dust.

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And there where lives were not taken, and there where the stones of buildings were not thrown down, what anguish unrevealed! Families hitherto living at ease, now in bitter want; all commerce at an end, all careers ruined; industry at a standstill; thousands upon thousands of working-men without employment; working-women, shop-girls, humble servant-girls without the means of earning their bread; and poor souls forlorn on the bed of sickness and fever crying, "Oh Lord, how long, how long?"

There is nothing to reply. The reply remains the secret of God.

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Many are the thoughts that throng the breast of man to-day, and the chief of them all is this: God reveals Himself as the Master. The nations that made the attack, and the nations that are warring in self-defence, alike confess themselves to be in the hand of Him without whom nothing is made, nothing is done. Men long unaccustomed to prayer are turning again to God. . . . Nor is their prayer today a word learned by rote, uttered lightly by the lip; it surges from the troubled heart, it takes the form, at the feet of God, of the very sacrifice

of life. The kind of man is a whole offering to God. This is worship.

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Shall we not confess that we have indeed something to expiate? He who has received much, from him shall much be required. Now, dare we say that the moral and religious standard of our people has risen as its economic prosperity has risen?

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God will save Belgium, my brethren, you can not doubt it, Nay rather, He is saving her. . . . Which of us would have the heart to cancel this last page of our national history? Which of us does not exult in the brightness of the glory of this shattered nation? When in her throes she brings forth heroes, our Mother Country gives her own energy to the blood of those sons of hers. Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. . . . For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *Res publica*. And this profound will within us is Patriotism.

Our country is not a mere concourse of persons or of families inhabiting the same soil, having amongst themselves relations . . . of business, of neighborhood, of a community of memories, happy or unhappy. Not so; it is an association of living souls subject to a social organization to be defended and safeguarded at all costs, even the cost of blood, under the leadership of those presiding over its fortunes. And it is because of this general spirit that the people of a country live a common life in the present, through the past, through the aspirations, the hopes, the confidence in a life to come, which they share together. . . .

And the religion of Christ makes of patriotism a positive law; there is no perfect Christian who is not also a perfect patriot.

CARDINAL MERCIER.

The Bells of Malines

(August 17, 1914.)

THE gabled roofs of old Malines
Are russet-red and gray and green,
And o'er them in the sunset hour
Looms, dark and huge, St. Rombold's tower.
High in that rugged nest concealed,
The sweetest bells that ever pealed,
The deepest bells that ever rung,
The lightest bells that ever sung,
Are waiting for the master's hand
To fling their music o'er the land.

And shall they ring to-night, Malines?
In nineteen hundred and fourteen,
The frightful year, the year of woe,
When fire and blood and rapine flow
Across the land from lost Liège,
Storm-driven by the German rage?
The other carillons have ceased:
Fallen is Hasselt, fallen Diest,
From Ghent and Bruges no voices come,
Antwerp is silent, Brussels dumb.

But in thy belfry, O Malines,
The master of the bells unseen
Has climbed to where the keyboard stands—
To-night his heart is in his hands!
Once more, before invasion's hell
Breaks round the tower he loves so well,
Once more he strikes the well-worn keys,
And sends aerial harmonies
Far floating through the twilight dim
In patriot song and holy hymn.

O listen, burghers of Malines!
 Soldier and workman, pale béguine,
 And mother with a trembling flock
 Of children clinging to thy frock—
 Look up and listen, listen all!
 What tunes are these that gently fall
 Around you like a benison?
 "The Flemish Lion," "Brabançonne,"
 "O brave Liège," and all the airs
 That Belgium in her bosom bears.

Ring up, ye silvery octaves high,
 Whose notes like circling swallows fly;
 And ring, each old sonorous bell—
 "Jesu," "Maria," "Michael"!—
 Weave in and out, and high and low,
 The magic music that you know,
 And let it float and flutter down
 To cheer the heart of the troubled town.
 Ring out, "Salvator," lord of all—
 "Roland" in Ghent may hear thee call!

O brave bell-music of Malines,
 In this dark hour how much you mean!
 The dreadful night of blood and tears
 Sweeps down on Belgium, but she hears
 Deep in her heart the melody
 Of songs she learned when she was free.
 She will not falter, faint, nor fail,
 But fight until her rights prevail,
 And all her ancient belfries ring
 "The Flemish Lion," "God save the King"!

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Pro Patria

I NEED not here recall the events that hurled Belgium into the depths of distress most glorious where she is struggling today. She has been punished as never nation was punished for doing her duty as never nation did before. She saved the world while knowing that she could not be saved. She saved it by flinging herself in the path of the oncoming barbarians, by allowing herself to be trampled to death in order to give the defenders of justice time, not to rescue her, for she was well aware that rescue could not come in time, but to collect the forces needed to save our Latin civilization from the greatest danger that has ever threatened it. She has thus done this civilization, which is the only one whereunder the majority of men are willing or able to live, a service exactly similar to that which Greece, at the time of the great Asiatic invasions, rendered to the mother of this civilization. But, while the service is similar, the act surpasses all comparison. We may ransack history in vain for aught to approach it in grandeur. The magnificent sacrifice at Thermopylae, which is perhaps the noblest action in the annals of war; is illumined with an equally heroic but less ideal light, for it was less disinterested and more material. Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were in fact defending their homes, their wives, their children, all the realities which they had left behind them. King Albert and his Belgians, on the other hand, knew full well that, in barring the invader's road, they were inevitably sacrificing their homes, their wives, and their children. Unlike the heroes of Sparta, instead of possessing an imperative and vital interest in fighting, they had everything to gain by not fighting and nothing to lose—save honor. In the one scale were fire and the sword, ruin, massacre, the infinite disaster which we see; in the other was that little word honor, which also represents infinite things, but things which we do not see, or which we must be very pure and very great to see quite clearly. It has happened now and

again in history that a man standing higher than his fellows perceives what this word represents and sacrifices his life and the life of those whom he loves to what he perceives; and we have not without reason devoted to such men a sort of cult that places them almost on a level with the gods. But what had never yet happened—and I say this without fear of contradiction from whosoever cares to search the memory of man—is that a whole people, great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, deliberately immolated itself thus for the sake of an unseen thing.

* * * * *

They have done what had never before been done; and it is to be hoped for the happiness of mankind that no nation will ever again be called upon for a like sacrifice. But this wonderful example will not be lost, even though there be no longer any occasion to imitate it. At a time when the universal conscience seemed about to bend under the weight of long prosperity and selfish materialism, suddenly it raised by several degrees what we may term the political morality of the world and lifted it all at once to a height which it had not yet reached and from which it will never again be able to descend, for there are actions so glorious, actions which fill so great a place in our memory, that they found a sort of new religion and definitely fix the limits of the human conscience and of human loyalty and courage.

They have really, as I have already said and as history will one day establish with greater eloquence and authority than mine, they have really saved Latin civilization.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

In Flanders Fields

IN FLANDERS fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

JOHN MCRAE.

France



The Marseillaise

YE SONS of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! Hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing!
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Vive la France

THE land of sunshine and of song!
Her name your hearts divine;
To her the banquet's vows belong
Whose breasts have poured its wine;
Our trusty friend, our true ally
Through varied change and chance:
So, fill your flashing goblets high—
I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Above our hosts in triple folds
The selfsame colors spread,
Where Valor's faithful arm upholds
The blue, the white, the red;
Alike each nation's glittering crest
Reflects the morning's glance—
Twin eagles, soaring east and west:
Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE!

Sister in trial! who shall count
Thy generous friendship's claim,
Whose blood ran mingling in the fount
That gave our land its name,
Till Yorktown saw in blended line
Our conquering arms advance,
And victory's double garlands twine
Our banners? VIVE LA FRANCE!

O land of heroes! in our need
One gift from Heaven we crave
To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed—
The wise to lead the brave!
Call back one Captain of thy past
From glory's marble trance,
Whose name shall be a bugle-blast
To rouse us! VIVE LA FRANCE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The Soul of Jeanne D'Arc

*SHE came not into the Presence as a martyred saint might come,
Crowned, white-robed and adoring, with very reverence dumb,—
She stood as a straight, young soldier, confident, gallant, strong,
Who asks a boon of his captain in the sudden hush of the drum.*

She said: "Now have I stayed too long in this my place of bliss,
With these glad dead that, comforted, forget what sorrow is
Upon that world whose stony stairs they climbed to come to
this.

"But lo, a cry hath torn the peace wherein so long I stayed,
Like a trumpet's call at Heaven's wall from a herald unafraid,—
A million voices in one cry, '*Where is the Maid, the Maid?*'

"I had forgot from too much joy that olden task of mine,
But I have heard a certain word shatter the chant divine,
Have watched a banner glow and grow before mine eyes for
sign.

"I would return to that my land flung in the teeth of war,
I would cast down my robe and crown that pleasure me no more,
And don the armor that I knew, the valiant sword I bore.

"And angels militant shall fling the gates of Heaven wide,
And souls new-dead whose lives were shed like leaves on war's
red tide
Shall cross their swords above our heads and cheer us as we
ride.

"For with me goes that soldier saint, Saint Michael of the
sword,
And I shall ride on his right side, a page beside his lord,
And men shall follow like swift blades to reap a sure reward.

"Grant that I answer this my call, yea, though the end may be
The naked shame, the biting flame, the last, long agony;
I would go singing down that road where fagots wait for me.

"Mine be the fire about my feet, the smoke above my head;
So might I glow, a torch to show the path my heroes tread;
My Captain! Oh, my Captain, let me go back!" she said.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

The Victor of the Marne

Inscribed to Joseph Jacques Cesaire Joffre, Marshal of France

COME, May, thou darling of the year,
In every land adored,
Bring us a draught of Nature's cheer
In brimming chalice poured;
Lift high our welcome, while with flowers we wreath a stain-
less sword.

Give us the spirit's wine to pledge
To him, the soul of France,
Who stood before disaster's edge,
Master of circumstance,
And faced, unfaltering, and won that hour's portentous
chance.

Grant us a halcyon day of blue,
With light and life aflame,
That, like the Spring, we may renew
The laurels of his fame,
Since now to think of Liberty is but to breathe his name.

Adown the bright and fluttering street
Let serried thousands throng,
And children march with eager feet
In phalanxes of song,
That Memory to their latest heirs his glorious deed prolong.

If, for a breath, we crave relief
From War's transcendent woe,
Not less for France's noble grief
Our kindred tears shall flow.
We keep for timelier days the dirge our hearts too keenly
know.

Now, our thanksgiving to the Lord—
 Who, through the ages' round,
 Doth choose the humble for his sword
 The mighty to confound—
 That still the doom of Jericho the horns of Israel sound.

Thanks for the soul that on that field
 Of lasting good or ill
 Gave to the land that would not yield
 His wisdom and his will,
 Till Fate, confirming man's resolve, once more was Freedom's
 shield.

And thanks of solemn joy be made
 For those of every sky,
 Who, building up our barricade,
 Our bitter cup put by,
 Till at their side we now have earned the privilege to die.

Rejoice that, deaf to every lure,
 At last we gladly stand
 With those who make the Right secure,
 Comrades in heart and hand,
 Like them, Crusaders, sworn to save the greater Holy Land.

Graves of the Marne! Oh, not in vain
 Your broadcast seed was sown!
 Already nations love as men;
 Through you, forgot or known,
 In spite of frontiers and of flags the world shall be as one.

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

Vive la France!

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
For her man Michel had holiday,
Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,
Heaven was made," said Franceline,
"Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
 Silent they march like a pantomime;
 "But what need of music? My heart beats time—
 Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
 "There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
 Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
 Soldier of France?

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell—
 "Yesterday—'twas a splinter of shell—
 And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
 Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
 Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
 As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
 "Vive la France!"

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD.

Above the Battle

AMONG the many crimes of this infamous war which are all odious to us, why have we chosen for protest the crimes against things and not against men, the destruction of works and not of lives?

Many are surprised by this, and have even reproached us for it—as if we have not as much pity as they for the bodies and hearts of the thousands of victims who are crucified! Yet over the armies which fall, there flies the vision of their love, and of *la Patrie*, to which they sacrifice themselves—over these lives now yielded up passes the holy Ark of the art and thought of centuries, borne on their shoulders. The bearers can change. May the Ark be saved! To the élite of the world falls the task of guarding it. And since the common treasure is threatened, may they rise to protect it!

I am glad to think that in the Latin countries this sacred duty has always been regarded as paramount. Our France which bleeds with so many other wounds has suffered nothing more cruel than the attack against her Parthenon, the Cathedral of Rheims, "Our Lady of France." Letters which I have received from sorely tried families, and from soldiers who for two months have borne every hardship, show me (and I am proud of it for them and for my people) that there was no burden heavier for them to bear. It is because we put spirit above flesh. Very different is the case of the German intellectuals, who, to my reproaches for the sacrilegious acts of their devastating armies, have all replied with one voice, "Perish every masterpiece rather than one German soldier!"

A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life; it is a people—whose centuries vibrate like a symphony in this organ of stone. It is their memories of joy, of glory, and of grief; their meditations, ironies, dreams. It is the tree of the race whose roots plunge to the profoundest depths of its soil, and whose branches stretch with a sublime outreaching towards the sky. It is still more: its beauty which soars above the struggles of nations is the harmonious response made by the human race to the riddle of the world—this light of the spirit more necessary to souls than that of the sun.

Whoever destroys this work murders more than a man; he murders the purest soul of a race.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

An American Soldier Slain in France

YOU, who sought the great adventure
That the blind fates hold in store,
Have beyond our mortal censure
Passed forever, evermore;
Passed beyond all joy or sighing,
Blush of eve or flush of dawn,
Who beneath the sod are lying
In the forest of Argonne.

What it was that lured and led you
Who shall venture, who shall say?
From the valley of the dead you
Speak not, question as we may;
Yet somehow our thoughts have flowed to
The remembrance of the debt
That our land has so long owed to
Rochambeau and Lafayette.

You, bereft of earthly raiment,
Brave as they and theirs were brave,
Have made sacrificial payment
For whate'er their valor gave.
As they came, with aid unsparing,
When both fears and foes were rife,
So you went with dreams of daring
And the offering of your life.

We, who cling to freedom, hail you,
Son of never vanquished sires,
Knowing courage did not fail you
When you faced the battle fires;
Knowing that no vaunt of Vandal
Daunted your determined aim,
Though your breath failed as a candle
'Neath a flash of morning flame.

All the brown Atlantic beaches
From far Fundy to the Keys,
All the billowy prairie reaches
Sweeping westward toward the seas;
Mount Katahdin and Mount Rainier,
Lake and river great of girth,
Greet your spirit, bold disdainer
Of the tyrannies of earth!

Thrones shall crumble, kings shall perish,
Howsoe'er their legions strive,
But the liberties men cherish,
They shall triumph and survive.
You, blithe wraith, shall be beholder
Of the flowering of that dawn,
Though your pulseless clay may moulder
In the forest of Argonne!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Britain

Britons and Guests!

WE FOUGHT you once—but that was long ago!

We fought you once, O Briton hearts of oak;
Away from you—from parent stock—we broke.

Be glad we did! Because from every blow

We hurled in that old day a force did grow

That now shall stead you, level stroke by stroke—

So Heaven help us, who but late awoke,

The charge upon our common race to know!

And we will stand with you, the world to save—

To make it safe for Freedom (as we free have been).

Have you not seen our mutual banners wave

As one upon the wind—a sight most brave! . . .

We once did fight you—ev'n as next of kin

May cleave apart, at end to closer win!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Together

WHO say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think, and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star-and-Stripe and Union Jack
But float mast-high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world,
And stand or fall together.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A Reply to England

ON WINGS of a wind that sweeps
The wild northeastern sea,
Sounding over the vibrant deeps
Where the great swift ships ride free,
We have heard the song of a wakening hope, a glory that yet
may be.

We have challenged the welcome voice,
And this is the word we hear:
"Because you have made the nobler choice
To all free peoples dear,
To break the force of a tyrant grasp, and end the rule of fear;

"Because you have risen at length,
In your old heroic guise,
And thrown the shield of your love and strength
Over a race that dies,
Striving and bleeding before your gates, under your pitying
eyes;

"For this brave passion, we—
Who alone can understand,
Because we are kindred souls and free—
We stretch you a brother's hand!
And who shall face us, together, nor bend to our high com-
mand?"

This is the voice that calls
O'er the track of the flying ships,
Set to the tune of a song that falls
Sweetly from poet-lips,
The song of a living love and faith, long darkened by strange
eclipse.

And the heart within us leaps
 Till a burning word takes flight:
 Waken, O giant power that sleeps!
 O Star of Hope, give light!
 For the day when we two stand as one is a day that finds no
 night.

Away with the "ancient wrong"—
 With the "worn-out tale" of hate!
 We have felt the touch, we have heard the song,
 For which the ages wait;
 We have read the rune of a royal dream on the shining roll of
 Fate.

And we trace the message plain
 Which the Hand of God hath lined—
 Never for lust of power or gain
 Be our splendid strength combined;
 Only for right, for law and light, and the Soul that guides
 mankind.

Oh, song on the wind that sweeps
 The wild northeastern sea,
 Sound once more o'er the vibrant deeps
 For a truth that yet shall be—
 For the day when we two stand as one, guarding a world
 set free!

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

“Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights”

OF OLD sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stopt she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, Godlike, grasps the triple forks,
And, king-like, wears the crown.

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

England, My England

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England—
"Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,
 England, my England:
 You with worlds to watch and ward,
 England, my own!
 You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
 Of such teeming destinies,
 You could know nor dread nor ease,
 Were the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
 England, my England,
 Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
 England, my own!
 Chosen daughter of the Lord,
 Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
 There's the menace of the Word
 In the Song on your bugles blown,
 England—
 Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

W. E. HENLEY.

The Glory of Ships

THE glory of ships is an old, old song,
since the day when sea-rovers ran
In their open boats through the roaring surf,
and the spread of the world began;
The glory of ships is a light on the sea,
and a star in the story of man.

When Homer sang of the galleys of Greece
that conquered the Trojan shore,
And Solomon lauded the barques of Tyre
that brought great wealth to his door,
'Twas little they knew, those ancient men,
what would come of the sail and the oar.

The Greek ships rescued the West from the East,
when they harried the Persians home;
And the Roman ships were the wings of strength
that bore up the empire, Rome;
And the ships of Spain found a wide new world,
far over the fields of foam.

Then the tribes of courage at last saw clear
that the ocean was not a bound,
But a broad highway, and a challenge to seek
for treasure as yet unfound;
So the fearless ships fared forth to the search,
in joy that the globe was round.

Their hulls were heightened, their sails spread out,
they grew with the growth of their quest;
They opened the secret doors of the East,
and the golden gates of the West;
And many a city of high renown
was proud of a ship on its crest.

The fleets of England and Holland and France
 were at strife with each other and Spain;
 And battle and storm sent a myriad ships
 to sleep in the depths of the main;
 But the sea-faring spirit could never be drowned,
 and it filled up the fleets again.

They greatened and grew, with the aid of steam,
 to a wonderful vast array,
 That carries the thoughts and the traffic of men
 into every harbor and bay;
 And now in the world-wide work of the ships
 'tis England that leads the way.

O well for the leading that follows the law
 of a common right on the sea!
 But ill for the leader who tries to hold
 what belongs to mankind in fee!
 The way of the ships is an open way,
 and the ocean must ever be free.

Remember, O first of the maritime folk,
 how the rise of your greatness began.
 It will live if you safeguard the round-the-world road
 from the shame of a selfish ban;
 For the glory of ships is a light on the sea,
 and a star in the story of man!

HENRY VAN DYKE.

The Call

LAD, with the merry smile and the eyes
Quick as a hawk's and clear as the day,
You, who have counted the game the prize,
Here is the game of games to play.
Never a goal—the captains say—
Matches the one that's needed now:
Put the old blazer and cap away—
England's colours await your brow.

Man, with the square-set jaws and chin,
Always, it seems, you have moved to your end
Sure of yourself, intent to win
Fame and wealth and the power to bend—
All that you've made you're called to spend,
All that you've sought you're asked to miss—
What's ambition compared with this
That a man lay down his life for his friend?

Dreamer, oft in your glancing mind
Brave with drinking the faerie brew,
You have smitten the ogres blind
When the fair Princess cried out to you.
Dreamer, what if your dreams are true?
Yonder's a bayonet, magical, since
Him whom it strikes, the blade sinks through—
Take it and strike for England, Prince!

Friend with the face so hard and worn,
The Devil and you have sometime met,
And now you curse the day you were born
And want one boon of God—to forget.
Ah, but I know, and yet—and yet—
I think, out there in the shrapnel spray,
You shall stand up and not regret
The Life that gave so splendid a day.

Lover of ease, you've lolled and forgot
 All the things that you meant to right;
 Life has been soft for you, has it not?
 What offer does England make to-night?
 This—to toil and to march and to fight
 As never you've dreamed since your life began;
 This—to carry the steel-swept height,
 This—to know that you've played the man!

Brothers, brothers, the time is short,
 Nor soon again shall it so betide
 That a man may pass from the common sort
 Sudden and stand by the heroes' side.
 Are there some that being named yet bide?
 Hark once more to the clarion call—
 Sounded by him who deathless died—
 "This day England expects you all."

R. E. VERNÈDE.

The Search-Lights

"Political morality differs from individual morality because there is no power above the State."

SHADOW by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Night-long their level shafts of light
Revolve, and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning, and their grave.
And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more,
The search-lights move, from shore to shore.
And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come;
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry;
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."
Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride,
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.
Not far, not far into the night
These level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law;
Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power returns.
The fire, the fire that made her great
Once more upon her altar burns.
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

ALFRED NOYES.

A Man 's a Man for a' That

IS THERE for honest poverty
That hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that!
But an honest man 's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their dignities, an' a' that,
The pith o' sense an' pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may
(As come it will for a' that)
That Sense and Worth o'er a' the earth
Shall bear the gree an' a' that!
For a' that, an' a' that,
It's comin yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

The Minstrel-Boy

The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.

"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;

And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THOMAS MOORE.

To Canada

OUR neighbor of the undefended bound,
Friend of the hundred years of peace, our kin,
Fellow adventurer on the enchanted ground
Of the New World, must not the pain within
Our hearts for this vast anguish of the war
Be keenest for your pain? Is not our grief,
That aches with all bereavement, tenderest for
The tragic crimson on your maple-leaf?

Bitter our lot, in this world-clash of faiths,
To stand aloof and bide our hour to serve;
The glorious dead are living; we are wraiths,
Dim watchers of the conflict's changing curve,
Yet proud for human valor, spirit true
In scorn of body, manhood on the crest
Of consecration, dearly proud for you,
Who sped to arms like knighthood to the quest.

From quaint Quebec to stately Montreal,
Along the rich St. Lawrence, o'er the steep
Roofs of the Rockies rang the bugle-call,
And east and west, deep answering to deep,
Your sons surged forth, the simple, stooping folk
Of shop and wheatfield sprung to hero size
Swiftly as e'er your northern lights awoke
To streaming splendor quiet evening skies.

Seek not your lost beneath the tortured sod
Of France and Flanders, where in desperate strife
They battled greatly for the cause of God;
But when above the snow your heavens are rife
With those upleaping lustres, find them there,
Ardors of sacrifice, celestial sign,
Aureole your angel shall forever wear,
Praising the irresistible Divine.

KATHERINE LEE BATES.

England—A Canadian Tribute

ENGLAND, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies!

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the armies of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

North and South and East and West,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt Isle
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the green Isle under her lee.
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one,
Where the glory of England goes.

* * *

Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done,
And the last great battle is fought;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great fight,
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
Iron mother of men!

Yea, England, England, England,
 Till honour and valour are dead,
 Till the world's great cannons rust,
 Till the world's great hopes are dust,
 Till faith and freedom be fled;
 Till wisdom and justice have passed
 To sleep with those who sleep in the many-chambered vast,
 Till glory and knowledge are charnelled, dust in dust;
 To all that is best in the world's unrest
 In heart and mind you are wed:—

While out from the Indian jungle
 To the far Canadian snows,
 Over the east and over the west,
 Over the worst and over the best,
 The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
 The blood-red ensign blows.

WILFRED CAMPBELL.

Australia to England

BY ALL the deeds to Thy dear glory done,
By all the life blood spilt to serve Thy need,
By all the fettered lives Thy touch hath freed,
By all Thy dream in us anew begun;
By all the guerdon English sire to son
Hath given of highest vision, kingliest deed,
By all Thine agony, of God decreed
For trial and strength, our fate with Thine is one.

Still dwells Thy spirit in our hearts and lips,
Honor and life we hold from none but Thee,
And if we live Thy pensioners no more
But seek a nation's might of men and ships,
'Tis but that when the world is black with war
Thy sons may stand beside Thee strong and free.

ARCHIBALD T. STRONG.

India to England

O ENGLAND! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and valor's meed
Is death or glory,
When Faith indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiffening hand,
A nation's story;

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp
On victory's field;
Yet turn, O mighty Mother! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield.

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee.
'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty.

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to honor—glory—fame,
And sunk in strife,
Thou found them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life.

They, whom thy love hath guarded long;
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith,
Their heartstrings round thy heart entwined,
They are, they ever will be, thine
In life—in death.

NIZAMAT JUNG

(Native Judge of the High Court of Hyderabad).

Hymn Before Action

THE earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path:
Ere yet we loose the legions,
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow,
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Russia

Hymn of Free Russia

GIMN SVOBODNOI ROSSII

I

YOUNG Russia, hail, victorious !
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

II

No tyrant shall enslave thee,
Thy sun arises bright !
All hail to those who gave thee
New Freedom's sacred light !

III

Young Russia, hail, victorious !
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

IV

A song of countless voices
Resounds from shore to shore,
The Russian folk rejoices
With Freedom evermore !

V

Young Russia, hail, victorious !
All praise we chant to thee.
Amid the nations, glorious
Thou standest, proud and free.

KONSTANTIN BALMONT.

MOSCOW, *March*, 1917.

English version by Vera and Kurt Schindler.

(130)

Italy

To the Young Men of Italy

THE Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe toward the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs, and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet. . . .

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that, by striving to perfect yourselves therein, you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood, Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men, and see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude; unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, as the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe. An immense future is before you; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants—you are bound to be such, or nothing. . . .

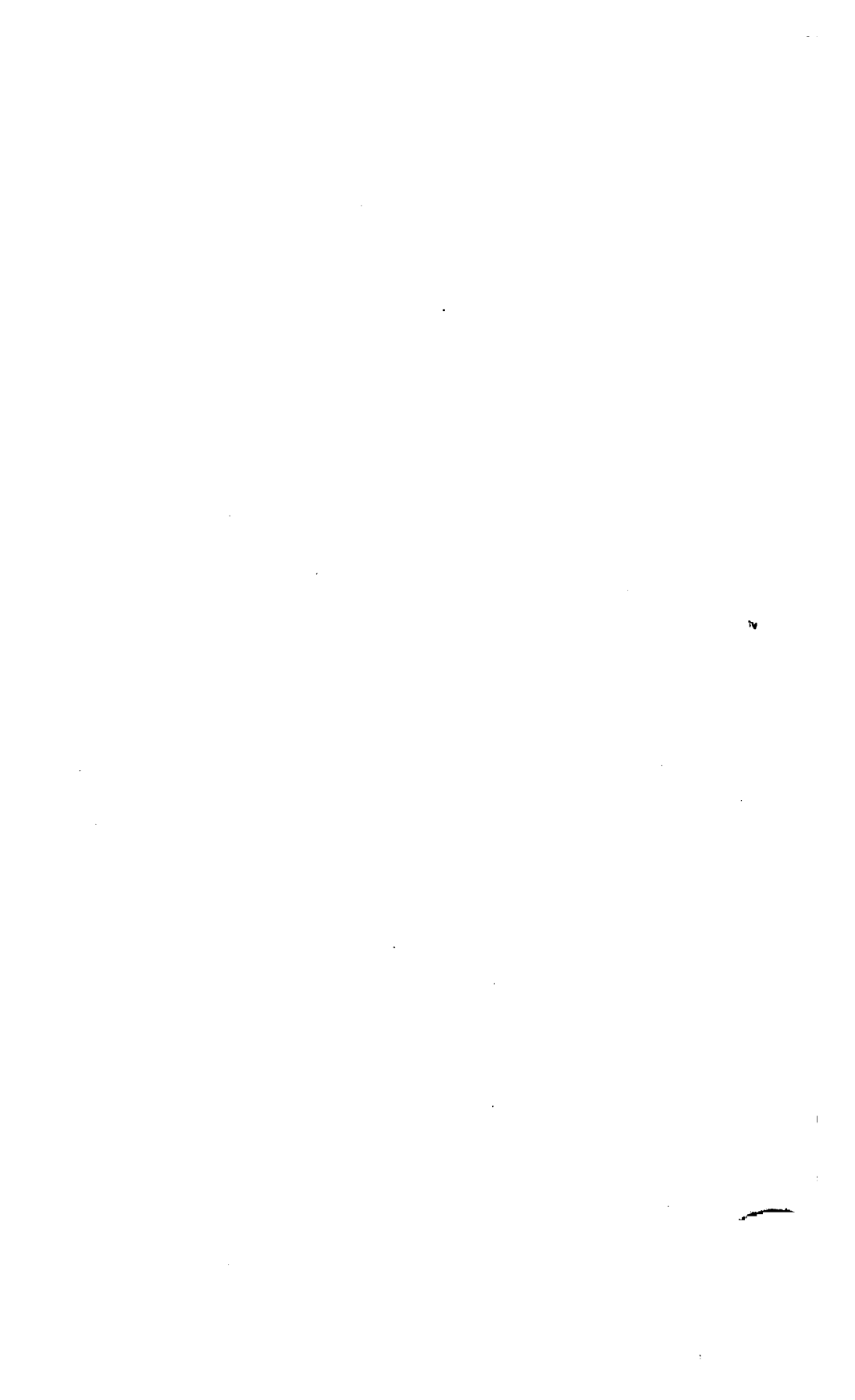
Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has

given you your country as cradle and humanity as mother; you can not rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal—improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and relink the earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them that the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the Word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these today, you would fall again tomorrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith. . . .

God be with you, and bless Italy!

GIUSEPPI MAZZINI.



JUL 22 1931

